Rich. Fie brother, fie, ſtande you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.
Ed. I am reſolude once more to claime the Crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life.
Sir Iohn. Inow my Soueraigne ſpeakes like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhalbe proclaymde.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and Fraunce, and Lord of Ireland;
And whoſoeuer gainſayes king *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight:
Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Ed. We thanke you all. Lord Maior, lead on the way,
For this night weele harboure heer in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning ſunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this Horiſon,
Weele march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henrie* from the Regall throne.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the Priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Clarence and *Warwicke* do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the Remnant of my dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my creators prayſe.
War. What anſweres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king *Henrie* likes.
King. My Lord of *Sommerſet*, what prettie Boy is that,
You ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
Som. And it pleaſe your Grace, it is young *Henrie*,
Earle of *Richmond*.
King. Henrie of *Richmond*, Come hither prettie Ladde,
If heauenly powers doe aime aright

To

To my diuining thoughtes, thou prettie boy,
Shalt proue this Couutries bliſſe,
Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maieſtie:
Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he,
Shal helpe you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to VVarwicke.

War. What counſell Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie *Germaines* and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is paſt in ſafetie through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troopes do martch amaine towards London,
And many giddie people follow him.
Oxf. T is beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
VVar. In *Warwicke* ſhire I haue true harted friendes,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence* ſhalt
In Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stirre vp the Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee,
And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſter ſhire,
Buckingham and Northampton ſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doo what thou commaunds,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muſter vp thy friends.
My ſoueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lordes, take leaue and ſtand not to replie:
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope.
VVar. Farewell ſweete Lordes, lets meete at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Ed. Seaſe on the ſhamefaſt *Henrie*,
And once againe conuay him to the Tower,